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REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

What treasures dear of the days gone
Are these which I cherish now?
What loves they tell of the withered past,
Or many a careless vow!

A curling lock from a giddy head
That prisms a glint of gold;
A place in my heart until
The love in my heart grew cold.

A slipper—mold of her pretty foot,
A dainty alibi for a lie;
It trips the light in the olden days
That left behind, link by link.

The scarlet strand of a ribbon worn
And faded by passing time;
It glowed so warm at her snow white throat
When life was a joyous dream.

A kerchief daintily edged in lace,
A bit of a spurious thing;
What subtle sense of a dying love
Its delicate odors bring!

What treasures dear of the days gone
Are these which I cherish now?
What loves they tell of the withered past,
Or many a careless vow!

—Ohio State Journal.

The Case of **Jared Burton.**

BY M. QUAD.

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On the 14th day of September, 1867, Jared Burton, a single man of 30, living in a village in Iowa, started by rail-road for a town 30 miles distant, and he has not returned to his home and relatives since. He was a man in more than comfortable circumstances, and his mother and sister lived with him. Boy and man, he had lived in the village for 20 years when he set out that day on a business matter. When several days had passed without his return or word from him, inquiries were made. He had arrived at the town all right, transacted his business and then taken a train on another road. It was thought he had gone away in the company of a stranger, but no one could be sure of this. After ten days and still no word he was advertised for, and detectives were employed to hunt him up. The search was not given up for three months, and then it was believed that he was dead.

A year had gone by and the mystery was still unsolved when one day Jared Burton returned—that is, he said he was Jared Burton, and the question of whether he was or not brings out this story. On leaving the train he met Squire Danforth and shook hands



"THIS IS NOT JARED BURTON."

with him and asked after the mother and sister. Farther up the street he met a village merchant and shook hands and laughingly said that he had been east in search of a wife. He walked to his house, entered and called to the family and kissed mother and sister and apologized for having worried them as he had. He had the age, height, look and voice of Jared, and at first the women accepted him as such. The story he told was a queer one. He had gone to look at a lead mine with a view of buying, and during the short time he was left alone he had tumbled down an old shaft. He knew no more after that until he suddenly came to himself one day in a town in Kansas and found himself a tramp. The fall had produced concussion of the brain, and, though treated by doctors, he had lost his memory and his identity and only recovered his wits when a constable banged his head against a door in arresting him. He had told his story, found friends and been assisted to reach his home.

The story passed all right with the women for a day or two, but as it got around the village and was discussed pro and con they began to doubt. Of the five doctors in town four declared the thing impossible. Of the 1,500 inhabitants not more than ten were satisfied of the truth of the story. The matter spread until two or three counties were interested and a dozen newspapers were discussing it, and first and last a good many people had their say about it. The first idea, of course, was to test this Jared Burton's memory about the events of his life. It was a great point in his favor that he had recognized two or three citizens at the moment of his arrival and that later on he had met dozens of others and made no mistake except in one instance. He had seemed thoroughly familiar with the house and with certain business matters, and while he did not write as free a hand as formerly it passed for Jared's signature. He had with him the key of his desk; he asked after certain clothing he had left; he casually recalled various incidents, and he had settled down as the long lost returned when he learned that his identity was questioned. He promptly demanded the fullest and closest investigation, and the doubters were ready to make it.

In his boyhood days Jared Burton had received a burn on the foot, leaving a bad scar. This man exhibited the scar. Jared Burton had been bitten on the calf of the leg by a dog. Here was the scar of the bite. He had once

been near death by drowning. This man told of the incident. He had been in Chicago with his uncle for a week; he had fallen off the roof of a barn; he had been on a jury in a lawsuit; he had been robbed by a man on the highway. All these things were told over without a mistake, together with hundreds of other incidents. It was public investigation, with everybody free to ask questions, and it lasted four days. There were still some who carpedit after it was closed, but there was a complete change of popular opinion, and Jared Burton was complimented on all sides. The mother and sister fully accepted him, and he settled down into his place unquestioned. Three months had gone by, and the talk and wonder had all died out when a blind man came along one day. He was known in various villages as "Old Hanson." He sang songs, told fortunes and performed tricks and was well liked. Standing on the public square with a crowd around him, he sang songs and then asked if Jared Burton was among the spectators. Jared stepped forward, and the old man took him by the hand. It was his boast that, having once heard a man's voice and shaken hands with him, he could forever after identify him by the feel of his palm.

"This is not Jared Burton!" he exclaimed as he let the hand fall. "But it is," chorused a dozen voices. "But I say it is not. It is not his hand. I never met this hand before."

"You will believe it is Jared Burton when I tell you so, won't you?" asked Jared.

"No. You cannot deceive me on the palm. You are a stranger to me."

There had been an investigation and an acquittal, but yet the blind man's words set people to thinking, especially as Jared himself seemed to be greatly put out. The whole question would have been reopened again but that he started off for Chicago next day on what he claimed was a matter of business. He had a close shave of it. He hadn't been gone two hours when a sheriff from a distant county came to arrest him as one of a gang of land stealers and counterfeiters. He was followed, but not overhauled. His real name was Charles Wright. As to what became of the true Jared Burton no one can say, but he doubtless met his death in some way through falling into the hands of the gang. He had papers with him, but how they got him to talk and give the incidents of his life cannot be understood. It was a curious thing that another man should so closely resemble him and should bear the same scars, but it was a fact not to be got over. The blind man and the sheriff declared the man to be a cheeky impostor, and the latter furnished plenty of proofs, but the question has not been settled yet and perhaps never will be. I passed a day in the village not long ago, and I found the people about evenly divided as to whether the true Jared had not actually returned and been driven off again.

Gutenberg's Achievement.
In The Century Augustine Birrell thus characterizes Gutenberg's epoch making invention:

The invention of movable types was the greatest distributive invention that ever was or probably ever can be made. It circulated knowledge among the children of men and plays much the same part in human life as does the transmission of force in the world of physics. It was marvelous how quickly thought was circulated even in the age of manuscripts. A book like St. Augustine's "City of God" was soon copied thousands of times and traveled all through Europe after a quicker fashion than most printed books can today reasonably hope to do, but St. Augustine acquired a unique position, and hand copying, though a great trade, employing thousands of scribes, could never have fed the new learning or kept alive the reformation. The age of Gutenberg was an age of ideas and demanded books, just as our day is a day of mechanics and demands cheap motion, telegraphy and telephones. Gutenberg's first printing office is marked by a tablet. Go and gaze upon it and think of the New York Herald, the London Times and the Bible for two-pence.

The Horse He Bought.
Higgins is troubled with an overweening curiosity about other people's affairs. Occasionally he gets taken down, however...

He met Smithers in a car; he does not know Smithers very well, but he is "boy's" him as if he were a lifelong friend.

"Busy, eh?" he inquired at once.

"Yes," said Smithers deliberately; "been looking after a horse for my wife."

"Have, eh? Well, let me look over him for you."

"Oh, I've bought him."

"Not without trying him? Was he sound?"

"He appeared to be."

"Doesn't shy?"

"No, certainly not."

"Good mouth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good manners?"

But here Smithers arrived at his street. When he reached the door, he called back to Higgins:

"I neglected to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clotheshorse."

Dreadful Dream.

Bobbs—Old Titewald is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep?

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

Bobbs—No, but the last time he slept he dreamed of money away money.—Baltimore American.

Not Quite a Sponge.

Percy—Skitts is a sponge—a perfect sponge.

"Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again."—Detroit Free Press.

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